

## The Lover

She sat in the next room and ate all this:

A pigeon pie and a lobster;

She ate five oranges, a bull's tongue and a pile of  
blanc mange;

A pair of rabbits, saddle of mutton, the gravies from them;

Two candied apples, a blob of sour cream and then the  
five baked potatoes;

A false moustache, two sheep's eyes looking at odd angles;

A plate of assorted bird seed, her eye too on the parrakeet;

A carton of glistening sardines, eighteen hot peppers and  
their juice;

Two desserts of ice, meringue and cream as big as basketballs;

Sandwiches of cold cuts from all over, and by that I mean

The Bronx, Bastria, Poland and Lebanon;

Prawns, four dozen eggs of the coot, a delicacy anywhere;

A bottle of black olives like cow eyes;

Lentils, mushrooms piled in a black frying pan;

Two innocent glaring trout;

Seven bags of dime store candy, all pregnant colors;

She wrote herself a menu in various languages

Including Coptic and sent it down to the corner  
restaurant;

They wheeled in syllabubs, omelettes, tender steaks in sauce,

Duck with orange and with paper frills, a bouquet of  
celery and pamplemousse,

Pancakes with syrups from Vermont and the Ukraine,

Rose petal pie -- a whole one --; spiced fruit, bread with garlic,

Milk puddings, curries, swords with lamb, onions and one  
bottle of orange soda.

And now you want to know more about her.

But when I asked Who are you

She wrote, on black paper with gold ink and a quill

'I am a unique esophagus-ridden aging happy woman.'

-- Emily Katharine Harris

Johnson City, New York